UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes, *Editor in Chief*

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A Peace Letter to the President

By SYDNEY STRONG

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

Chapter XXIII. By M. K. GANDHI

Manilal Gandhi

By REBECCA HOURWICH

What Has Psychical Research Accomplished?

By EDMUND B. CHAFFEE

VOLUME XCVIII NUMBER 2

Chicago, September 13, 1926

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

UNITY

(Established 1878)

A JOURNAL *of the* RELIGION *of* DEMOCRACY

Subscription, $3.00 per Annum

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Vol. 1 March 1, 1878 No. 1

THE Pamphlet Mission FOR FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP & CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

Publishing Committee:
Sidney Collyer, Chicago. Wm. C. Gannett, St. Paul.
Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Janesville. C. W. Wendte, Cincinnati.
J. C. Learned, St. Louis.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY AT 65 WASHINGTON ST., CHICAGO.
Per Year, $1.00. Single Number, 10 Cents.

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UNITY PUBLISHING Co., Abraham Lincoln Centre, 700 Oakwood Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879"

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Part II

OF GANDHI'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

will appear in this magazine on

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HIS LAW PRACTISE
BEGINNING OF HIS PUBLIC CAREER
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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME XCVIII MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1926 NUMBER 2

WAR AND THE MILITARIST

"War is a horrible thing, and constantly more horrible and dreadful, so that unless it is ended it will certainly end human society; social injustice and the sight of the limited and cramped human beings it produces, torment the soul; but the strongest incentive to constructive political and social work—lies not so much in the mere hope of escaping evils as in the opportunity for great adventures that their suppression will open to our race. We want to get rid of the militarist not simply because he hurts and kills, but because he is an intolerable thick-voiced blockhead who stands hectoring and blustering in our way to achievement."

H. G. Wells. in "THE OUTLINE OF HISTORY."

Word comes from India that in the new National College, founded as part of the non-cooperation movement in opposition to government schools and colleges, Mahatma Gandhi is giving a course on Saturday mornings on Christianity and the New Testament. Gandhi is a Hindu, but we know no man in all the world so well-fitted to teach the Christian religion. He knows this religion not merely as a doctrine and an ideal, but as a life. More truly than any other man since Tolstoi, he has lived the faith. In his great South African campaign, for example, he applied the pure idealism of Christian non-resistance to one of the most difficult political problems of our time, and demonstrated not only its beauty but its efficacy. *The story of South Africa is told in Part II of Gandhi's autobiography, which begins publication in this magazine on September 20th next.*

When Mrs. Annie Besant landed in New York on August 25th last, she was met by a large and eager group of reporters. The only representative of a religious paper in this group was the representative of UNITY—James Waldo Fawcett. Upon Mr. Fawcett was conferred the favor of a private interview with Mrs. Besant, after the other reporters had departed; and on the next day Mr. Fawcett had an hour and a half of private talk with Jiddu Krishnamurti, the heralded "world teacher." Quite apart from all questions of theological opinion, Mrs. Besant must be recognized as one of the great women of modern times, and her present campaign a religious phenomenon of amazing interest. *In a forthcoming article in these columns, Mr. Fawcett will share with our readers his impressions of this great leader, and of her ideas and work.*

As our generation in the natural course of events becomes the active generation in American affairs, so will the Legion become the dominant voice concerning all those things in which experience qualifies it to speak. On all questions of proper national defense, the voice of the generation which fought the war will be final. Throughout the coming years, the national policy will be theirs to dictate. Only the men who fought have the necessary background to speak authoritatively in the premises.—*Hanford MacNider, Assistant Secretary of War, past National Commander of the American Legion, in address at Laconia, N. H., August 26th.*

So the American government is going to abdicate its functions! The duty laid upon Congress by the Constitution to "raise armies," etc., is to be passed over to the Legion! So far as the question of preparedness is concerned, the rights of citizenship are going to be everywhere suspended, except in the case of "the men who fought" in the War! The tax-payers, who produce the wherewithal to support armaments, are to have nothing to say; the mothers, who breed and bury the sons who bear arms, are to have nothing to say; the president and Congress, who control national policies, and declare war and peace, are to have nothing to say! When we want to know how large an army and navy we shall have, what programs of international disarmament we may consider, what policies we shall adopt either against or in cooperation with Japan, we must go not to the White House, nor yet to the Capitol, not even to the national conventions of the great parties or public assemblies of citizens, but to the latest encampment of the American Legion! This sounds exciting, especially as coming from a high officer of government. But we are not excited a bit. Talk of this kind from a man like MacNider is about as important as the back-fire of an automobile, and no more. For all its faults, America is still a democracy, and dictation from a crowd of drafted soldiers will not get very far. That sort of thing may go in Italy, but not here. Furthermore, the difference between Mussolini and MacNider is as a whale to a minnow.

Apart from its silliness as a statement of national policy, however, MacNider's speech is interesting. What are we to think of a war secretary, for example, who has so little comprehension of the meaning of modern warfare, and so little knowledge of

its character, that he can actually talk about "the men who (fight)" as being the only ones who have a right to be concerned with "questions of proper national defense"? How did such a Rip Van Winkle as this find his way to Washington and climb into a position of authority? Come, come, MacNider, wake up! Haven't you yet discovered that war, as it is fought today, involves not merely the soldier at the front but all citizens everywhere? Didn't you learn in the Great War that the whole citizenry of a nation, men and women both, is mobilized for the fight, with no longer any real distinction between combatant and non-combatant? Haven't you seen that, in the next war, the fighting soldier will be perhaps the least important factor in the situation—that the tide of battle will flow right over the "front," as it used to be called, and engulf the munition factories, the chemical laboratories, the homes and haunts of the people? The soldiers the only ones concerned in this business! Nonsense, MacNider! Would you have us believe you to be a moron or half-wit, in addition to being a little toy dictator? Even though your assertion of dictatorial powers had place in a democracy like America—which it has not!—it could not for a moment confine itself to the ranks of the American Legion. We are all caught in this war-system. We all face the hazard of suffering and death. Let another war come along, and not merely the soldiers but every mother's son of us will acquire all "the necessary background" of which you speak, and more. You are behind the times, MacNider, and thus speaking words without knowledge as well as without wisdom.

MacNider's folly woos us to still further comment! Only the men who fight, he says, should have anything to say about fighting. Let us apply that interesting principle to other questions. To Prohibition, for example! Only men who drink, according to MacNider's wisdom, can be supposed to have "the necessary background to speak authoritatively in the premises." So we will disfranchise, so far as this problem is concerned, all total abstainers, all men and women who have never entered a saloon or drunk a cock-tail, and pass over the whole matter to bootleggers, moonshiners, rum-runners, "boozers," and drinkers generally. Or let us apply this rule to the vexed question of prostitution! Only men who have consorted with prostitutes, obviously, can have "the necessary background to speak authoritatively in the premises." So we will silence all men of pure habits of life, all faithful husbands and sober fathers, and leave the settlement of the issue to cadets, "pimps," white-slavers, and men of easy virtue. Or, again, let us apply MacNider's axiom to crime generally! It is obvious, is it not, that honest men cannot have "the necessary background to speak authoritatively in the premises." What can non-criminals know about crime? Nothing! So we will consult only that class of men, to quote MacNider direct, whose "experience qualifies it to speak." In other words, we will settle the crime question by ruling everybody else out from its authoritative consideration but murderers, burglars, highwaymen, forgers, perjurers, and "crooks" generally. But, cries MacNider, this is outrageous. You are classing soldiers with drunkards, white-slavers, and thieves! War is not a crime. No, friend MacNider, war is not a crime—yet! But it *will* be a crime, and its participants criminals, when the conscience of mankind has spoken on this question as it has already spoken on infanticide, cannibalism, piracy, and duelling. And that's the point!

The World Court situation still intrigues us. We return to it again because it still impresses us as among the most amazing political phenomena of the present day. Pro-Court senators bowled over in the primaries like ten-pins in the alleys, have become a commonplace. Now come two senators, the one a Republican and the other a Democrat, who, anticipating the doom impending, try to meet and forestall it. Thus Senator Gooding, of Idaho, who voted for the entrance of the United States into the World Court in faithful obedience to the administration, has gotten back among the people and discovered his error. He now accepts nomination on an anti-Court platform, and announces that if he had, or ever has, opportunity to vote on the question again, he would, or will, vote against entry into the Court. Senator Trammell of Florida, who voted for the Court in obedience to the Wilson tradition, takes the same stand. He also would vote against the Court another time, and announces that he will introduce, at the next session of Congress, a resolution for withdrawal, to give himself the chance. At the same time, a spokesman for the administration—not *the* "spokesman," be it said, but as distinguished and important a man as the leader of the Republicans in the House of Representatives—makes a "keynote speech" at a great Republican gathering, and in the course of his remarks, as reported in the press, gives a catalogue of the achievements of the President and Congress. In his listing of noble things nobly done, he makes no mention of the proffered entry of the United States into the World Court. Six months ago this was the outstanding glory of the administration. In these same six months, however, the country has been heard from, and what was once a glory now becomes something not even worth mentioning—nay, something, pray God, to be forgotten. We

may believe in the World Court, as UNITY does in principle, or not believe in it, as UNITY does not in the specific case of the League Court; but whether or no, we must agree, if we be honest, that the country is overwhelmingly opposed to our entry therein, and that the Senate resolution, therefore, should be reconsidered and recalled.

The world peace meeting at Bierville, France, made a nice spectacle of itself! After gathering together five or six thousand ardent souls from all parts of the world, and debating the problem of war and peace for a week, it finally proclaimed to the world its conviction that war was wrong when the League of Nations said it was wrong, and right when the League of Nations said it was right, and that when the League approved or declared a war, all men must throw their conscientious scruples aside and forthwith take up arms. This idea of passing over one's conscience to the care and direction of a political body is interesting, but hardly novel. It is as old, certainly, as the hoary monarchical doctrine that "the king can do no wrong," as fresh and terrible as the modern nationalistic doctrine, "my country right or wrong." In place of king or country, these people would now put the League! But conscience is therewith betrayed all the same, and the whole moral power of the peace movement wantonly thrown away. What this declaration amounts to is a *sanctification of war.* We are told how and when and why a war is holy. Yesterday it was holy when the pope declared it; today it is holy when "my native country" declares it; tomorrow it will be holy when the League of Nations declares it. All of which is like calling cannibalism holy when the great panjandrum endorses it, or slavery holy when Congress supports it, or murder holy when the Ku Klux Klan perpetrates it! Against such an idea the conscience of mankind, which these peace delegates would have us surrender to the gentle care and guardianship of Geneva, is happily in revolt. What men are seeing more and more clearly every day is the simple fact that the evil of war resides not in the conditions of its proclamation or prosecution, but in the phenomenon itself. War is wrong not because it is declared by Germany, not because it is fought with unrestricted submarines and poisonous gases, not because it is an attack upon our country or civilization; war is wrong *because it is war!* When the world sees this fact, it will outlaw and end war as it has outlawed and ended slavery, piracy and the duel. The Bierville conference first dodged, then repudiated this truth, and thus proclaimed itself a cracked vessel.

A Peace Letter to the President

Shall there be in America a Peace campaign similar to the one now in progress in England, led by Arthur Ponsonby? I confess my warm approval of the "Ponsonby Plan." But in America,—what form should it take? and is the time ripe? and "who will bell the cat?" In England, they are out after a million signatures to a letter to the Prime Minister, in which it is solemnly declared, that since disputes between nations can be settled by diplomacy or arbitration, the signers, in case war is invoked, will refuse war-service. It is a respectful registration,—in peace-time—with the head of government, that the undersigned citizens cannot be counted on for war. It is a practical protest against conscription. I confess that I wish that they might not only get a million signers, but two million, yea, all the citizenry.

But what of America? I am confident that something similar is bound to come. But when and how? I have inquired of many. I have written out a sample letter that might be sent to the President, and have submitted it to groups for suggestions. In other words, I have been scouting in the realm of peace promotion, for I am convinced that the "Ponsonby Plan" offers *one* of the most practical and direct attacks against militarism of which I am cognizant. It in no way takes the place of other plans and other organizations, but will tend to re-enforce their work. The strength and beauty of the Ponsonby Plan lies in the fact that it gives everybody an opportunity to bear witness to the faith that is in him; the "dove," in the deluge of militarism, "finds one spot upon which to place its feet."

Convinced that in some form, the "Ponsonby Plan" will come to America, I take the liberty of presenting to the readers of UNITY the latest form of a Peace Letter to the President that has been worked out by a group of us. The desire and expectation is that its readers may be led to do some thinking in this direction to the end that the most effective plan for America may be worked out. The writer does not intimate that UNITY does or would be led to promote such a plan. The letter speaks for itself.

PEACE LETTER TO THE PRESIDENT

We, the undersigned citizens of the United States, address you in regard to our attitude on war. We have come to the conclusion that, if called upon, we must refuse any form of war service, and we desire to register with you this as our permanent mood.

We are convinced that it is unnecessary for our nation to engage in war; that there is no international dispute which can not be solved by means other than war. This

stand we take from love of country, and for the preservation of civilization.

In refusing war service we are exercising what has long been regarded by eminent American statesmen as a citizen's right.

Whatever may have been true of past wars, we are convinced that modern warfare could bring permanent gain to no participant, but instead plunge civilization back into brutality and savagery.

We address you, therefore, now, in time of peace, when unaffected by war's fever, we wish to assure you that this stand is based on sincere love of country.

Meanwhile, it is our intention to labor earnestly to remove all causes of war—economic and social—and to work constructively for the nation's good. It is our hope that many thousands will join in this declaration, and thus strengthen our President to act in the light of the highest duty and fullest intelligence.

Our generation having suffered the foul barbarity and black horror of war; knowing its futility, deviltry and foolishness, would commit a criminal tragedy should it fail to act now, when the wounds are fresh,—instead of waiting until the wounds were healed and the senses dulled. What right have we to expect the next generation, untouched by the ravages of war, to shoulder the responsibility confronting us?

From such reasoning, Mr. President, the undersigned citizens are led to make the following declaration, and to register their names with you. We believe that we voice the yearnings of tens of thousands of America's best citizens.

We, the undersigned, convinced that all disputes between nations are capable of settlement either by diplomacy or by arbitration, hereby solemnly declare that we shall refuse to support or render war service in case the government resorts to arms.

Who will sign such a letter? (It might be printed in a small 8-page, 4 by 4 leaflet, with places for twenty-five or fifty names.) I confess that it is problematical as to who would sign. I have experimented a little with individuals and small groups. Of those I have approached, about one-third said that in case the letter were presented to them they would sign. Some have said it with a bound, as if they had long been waiting for a chance to express themselves adequately. I have tried it on husbands and wives when together. The man has generally said No; the woman, Yes. As I have presented the matter, Jesus' familiar story has come to my mind of when "They all began to make excuse." (I am convinced that we shall never get far in *any* peace plan with those people who are unwilling to "leave" their oxen, land, etc., for the sake of the cause.) However, Mr. Ponsonby has written me that in England there was not much trouble in getting people to sign. There, they go right out into the market-places, the labor halls, etc. He was especially disappointed that his own Church (the Anglican) did not support the movement. The other day I took a group of twelve to fifteen years old boys out by the seaside. I had an hour's talk with them about war, read them the letter, asked them for criticism. Half of them said that they would sign it, if they had a chance. (I was startled to find that these boys knew practically nothing about the last war. Something must be done *now;* it is already nearly too late. The new generation has about arrived.) This last experience has led to the question whether the time is not ripe for

A Boys' Crusade Against War

I am convinced that much progress against war will not be made until a great emotional wave starts. The legislators will never lead. The "rulers" have generally "sought the young child's life." The peoples must be moved before they will act. I have for years been looking for "A Woman's Crusade" against war, when the women of the land—somewhat after the manner of the women of England—will move, *move,* MOVE upon the military machine, whether found in high places, or low. The "Ponsonby Plan" might touch the button that would let loose the power that is stored up in the hearts of men and especially *women* to sweep war from the earth.

While I have been looking to the women for the anti-war crusade, perhaps I have been looking in the wrong place. Can it be that the boys of the nation will lead? I mean the boys from twelve to fifteen years of age. Who will talk it over with groups of such lads? Be assured that such lads are thinking straight on this matter,—straighter than their fathers—and they have great organizing ability, when once they get started. The "Ponsonby Plan" would appeal to them. They could understand it. They could work it. If once the boys of the nation joined in a request, a *demand* that their government *settle* all its disputes with other nations, instead of calling upon them to go out and kill innocent boys like themselves in other lands, the "rulers" would pay attention. And *who have a better right than these boys to look the rulers in the face and demand that war cease?* This is a suggestion in the direction of moral action, which the writer hopes will be taken up by some of his readers.

The "Ponsonby Plan" takes a little of the character of a crusade. It gives the people a chance to get on fire over this matter of war,—surely, it is high time. Maybe, it will start other crusades. This is to be hoped for. People are tiring of conferences to consider legislation and courts and the settlement of boundaries. They want action. The world is moving toward another terrible conflagration. The "rulers" are able to help that on. If so, then they can stop it. The people certainly have the right (duty rather) to tell their officials, that if they must have a war, then they "must have it without us." If the people do this, those officials will *settle* all disputes.

The earnest hope of the writer is that Americans who love peace will carefully consider the "Ponsonby Plan." There will be objections. Big Business and Big Religion will object. At critical

moments, these two combine as allies against justice and peace. As witness Mexico and Europe today. Those, also, who are looking for some cheap and deferred plan for bringing peace to earth will regard such a plan as untimely, too radical. The signers of a Peace Letter to the President, similar to the one here given, would be only one plan of attack, but it would be *one*. It would re-enforce other plans of attack. It would place every objector to war right where he ought to be glad to be, so there can be no misunderstanding. It would be an honorable and patriotic stand.

SYDNEY STRONG.

(A day later.) Since writing the above I took a trip on our glorious bay,—Puget Sound. Our boat met nine men-of-war coming from the Pacific. They looked like monster sea-serpents that had come up to devour mankind. And we are proud of them and decorate them! All that I had written shouted in my ears. Tell the President, tell the nation—all good citizens—*we will have no part in this evil thing. We will not worship the Machine-God!* . . . The sight urged me to cry aloud, *the nation that creates and sanctions these monsters will not arbitrate, for she will have lost the disposition to arbitrate.* . . . The spirits of good-will and justice flee before such serpents of the sea. . . . Imagine Britain arbitrating with China, or France with Syria, or America with Hayti! . . . On one thing I am convinced—if war is to be driven from earth—it is absolutely necessary that citizens refuse partnership with the accursed thing! Dare to be a Daniel! S. S.

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

[The Autobiography of Mahatma Gandhi]

(Copyrighted, 1926)

CHAPTER XXIII

My Helplessness

It was easy enough to be "called," but it was difficult to practice at the bar. I had read the laws, but not learned how to practice law. I had read with interest "Legal Maxims," but did not know how to apply them in my profession. *"Sic utere tuo ut alienum non laedas"* (Use your property in such a way as not to damage that of others) was one of them, but I was at a loss to know how one could employ this maxim for the benefit of one's client. I had read all the leading cases on this maxim, but they gave me no confidence in the application of it for my future clients.

Besides, I had learned nothing at all of India law. I had not the slightest idea of Hindu and Mohammedan law. I had not even learned how to draft a plaint, and felt completely at sea. I had heard of Sir Pherozeshah Mehta as one who roared like a lion in law courts. How, I wondered, could he have learned the art in England? It was out of the question for me ever to acquire his legal acumen, but I had serious misgivings as to whether I should even be able to earn a living by the profession.

I was torn with these doubts and anxieties whilst I was studying law. I confided my difficulties to some of my friends. One of them suggested that I should seek Dadabhai Naoroji's advice. I have already said that when I went to England, I possessed a note of introduction to Dadabhai. I availed myself of it very late. I thought I had no right to trouble such a great man for an interview. Whenever an address by him was announced, I would attend it, listen to him from a corner of the hall, and go away after having surfeited my eyes and ears. In order to come in close touch with the students he had founded an association. I used to attend its meetings, and rejoiced at Dadabhai's solicitude for the students, and the latters' respect towards him. In course of time, I mustered up courage to present to him the note of introduction. He said: "You can come and have my advice whenever you like." But I never availed myself of his offer. I thought it wrong to trouble him without the most pressing necessity. Therefore I dared not venture to accept my friend's advice to submit my difficulties to Dadabhai at that time. I forget now whether it was the same friend or some one else who recommended me to meet Mr. Frederick Pincutt. He was a Conservative, but his affection for Indian students was pure and unselfish. Many students sought his advice and I also applied to him for an appointment, which he granted. I can never forget that interview. He greeted me as a friend. He laughed away my pessimism.

Do you think (he said) that every one must be a Pherozeshah Mehta? Pherozeshahs and Badrudins are rare. Rest assured it takes no unusual skill to be an ordinary lawyer. Common honesty and industry are enough to enable him to make a living. All cases are not complicated. Well, let me know the extent of your general reading.

When I acquainted him with my little stock of reading, he was, as I could see, rather disappointed. But it was only for a moment. Soon his face beamed with a pleasing smile and he said:

I understand your trouble. Your general reading is meagre. You have no knowledge of the world—a *sine qua non* for a vakil. You have not even read the History of India. A vakil should know human nature. He should be able to read a man's character from his face. And every Indian ought to know Indian history. This has no connection with practice as a lawyer, but you ought to have that knowledge. I see that you have not even read Kay and Malleson's History of the Mutiny of 1857. Get hold of that at once and also read two more books to understand human nature.

These were Lavator's and Shemmelpennick's books on Physiognomy.

I was extremely grateful to this venerable friend. In his presence I found all my fear gone, but as soon as I left him, I again began to worry. "To know a man from his face" was the question that haunted me as I thought of the two books on my way home. The next day I purchased Lavator's book. Shemmelpennick's was not available at the shop. I read Lavator's

book which I found more difficult than Snell's "Equity," and scarcely interesting. I studied Shakespeare's physiognomy, but did not acquire the knack of finding out the Shakespeares walking up and down the streets of London.

Lavator's book did not add to my knowledge. Mr. Pincutt's advice did me very little direct service, but his affection stood me in good stead. His smiling open face stayed in my memory and I trusted his advice that Pherozeshah Mehta's acumen, memory or ability were not essential to the making of a successful lawyer; honesty and industry were enough. And as I had a fair share of these last I felt somewhat reassured.

I could not read Kay and Malleson's volumes in England, but I did so in South Africa as I had made a point of reading them at the first opportunity.

Thus with just a little leaven of hope mixed with my despair, I landed at Bombay from S. S. *Assam*. The sea was rough in the harbor, and I had to reach the quay in a launch.

M. K. GANDHI.

(*Translated from Navajivan by Mahadeo Desai*)

Manilal Gandhi

Mahatma Gandhi's Son

It was a hot Durban day, and they are of a very hot variety. It was certainly not a day for arguing, yet a Durban official, who had been kind to me, a prominent club woman he had sent for, and myself, were quite certainly engaged in that futility. Persuasion, tact, and an undercurrent spiced with something less than friendliness were being levelled at me to deter me from going unaccompanied by other Europeans to see Manilal Gandhi, leader of South African Indians, and Mahatma Gandhi's son.

Throughout the subsequent drive of several hours to Phoenix, Gandhi's residence, I meditated on our argument, the ease with which I had been able to meet every South African I wished to meet, and the difficulty of making contact with any Indian. Intolerance, bitterness and hatred, of the Europeans and Indians of South Africa toward each other raged unleashed, rising in great waves and tides, trapping every stranger, it was dragging me in.

As our car swung around the Esplanade, the spacious highway of the fashionable and elect along the Indian Ocean, pavilions, beaches, restaurants, shops, and hotels, all closed to Indians, succeeded each other. My Indian companion casually remarked that the privilege of this luxury and exclusiveness were open to me, a stranger in the land, but not to Indians settled in the country for the third and fourth generation.

I had already become familiar with the numberless discriminations in law and custom against the Indian: the real and imaginary hardships of the European overlords. I was not bent on an errand of grievance collecting, for I had spent weeks in Natal gathering information from all sides.

Rather, now, on the eve of leaving, I was indulging myself to a treat. I was going to meet Gandhi's son purely on a personal basis. I wanted to talk about Gandhi as a person, as a human being, as well as the leader and symbol of a great movement; I wanted a son's reaction to a father so wholeheartedly consecrated to a cause.

Manilal Gandhi lives alone at Phoenix, the Tolstoyan colony founded by Mahatma Gandhi at the height of his South African career. The day we arrived Manilal Gandhi had with him an Indian lad of sixteen, Shantilal Melita, shanti meaning peace. Otherwise, the once flourishing colony of many acres was deserted.

"You have had a hot and dusty ride, and must be tired," greeted Mr. Gandhi. "What shall we do about lunch? Do you mind eating here?" And when lunch was served, there was further evidence of the consideration, and selflessness that is of the Gandhi creed. All the food was left unseasoned out of deference to the unknown taste of the guest. For Indian food this was not just a matter of eliminating a dash of salt and pepper, but of deliberately sacrificing the opportunity of serving dishes that were fragrant and complex with herbs, greens, and shoots, delicious to their palate, for a mere skeleton, so tasteless it could offend no one. We ate on the little porch embowered in honeysuckle, surrounded by masses of flowers and shrubbery. There was a tropical midday hush over everything, the quiet heightening the impression that the grounds from where the weekly nationalist paper of South African Indians is edited, set up by hand, and distributed, is a monastic retreat.

Gandhi, himself, did not suggest the monastic. He was like any other young man of thirty, dressed as if for tennis, in white ducks, white tailored shirt neatly belted in, short of sleeves, soft collar informally thrown back: hair severely brushed, bare feet in sandals. We behaved at lunch as one behaves at all meals where the host is gracious and anxious to please. We were merry, gay, and serious in turn, laughing uproariously over Gandhi's efforts to teach me the proper way to eat the grinadella, the passion fruit. Always, though, the main trend of our conversation was the struggle of Indians in South Africa, and at home. And always, young Gandhi, though he said father, instead of "the Mahatma," talked of his father as impersonally, as if he were talking of any other revered leader.

This was late winter of 1924. Manilal Gandhi had just returned from a visit to his father, whom he had not seen for eight years. This is how he described his homecoming:

> When I reached Delhi it was Sunday night. Father takes a vow of non-speaking on Mondays and Wednesdays, and he usually practices the vow of non-speaking on Sunday night. I had seen my mother and other friends. It was nine-thirty, everyone thought father was asleep, but he called for me; he had been waiting to see me. That evening I had but five minutes with father before he took his vow. The next day I could not speak to him, but I could see him. Though father does not speak, he keeps a slate by his side on which he writes, and you can address him. After his 21 days' fast, although he was weak, his health and energy were extraordinary. He was not depressed. He is never pessimistic, always hopeful.
>
> Despite the long separation of father and son, the conversation of the first day, and all other days, never swerved from the political. I talked to him about the South African situation. He advised us to take no action except after careful consideration and deliberation, but once we determined on a course to carry it through. He repeated there was no other

remedy but passive resistance. 'Passive resistance' was his only advice. 'Passive resistance is the only course.'

He wanted me to stay in India, because workers are needed here so much, and the status of South African Indians depends so largely on the position of Indians at home. He is naturally anxious to have every available person for India. At the same time he said if I were serving a useful purpose in South Africa, and my presence was essential, it was my duty to remain where I am.

Free of self consciousness, Gandhi continued:

There was not much to talk about with him in regard to India. The activity was going on, and I was a witness.

His fast had had a great effect on the people of India; there was more confidence in him. Of course he was never hopeless of success, or of the movement he is carrying on. He feels that Home Rule depends solely on the strength of the people, that if India were to unite this minute, and stand on her own feet, from that very moment Home Rule would come. He thinks Home Rule will not come by giving, but by taking. He has realized after all these years that Home Rule will not be achieved as easily as he originally thought, but that it will be achieved, is certain. He has dedicated his life to that work, and he will die in the attempt.

I inquired about Mrs. Gandhi.

Mother has been following father step by step, in every movement father has taken. She has been working in constant cooperation with him. She has been to jail in South Africa, during the Passive Resistance Movement, and, she, too, has fasted. Mother preaches on spinning and weaving, and they both, father and mother, preach on the lifting of the status of Indian women.

My two brothers are with father, helping him. We were trained to be of service. My eldest brother is in Calcutta, conducting his own business, manager of a firm dealing in homemade clothing. He is the only member of the family not in politics, and the only one married. He has four children, and wishes to be a quiet business man, and let politics alone.

There are four sons in the Gandhi family, Harilal, 39, Manilal, 32, Ramdas, 30, Devdas, 25, the first two born in India, the other two in South Africa. Recently Mahatma Gandhi adopted a little girl of the "untouchables," the "depressed class," to serve as an example to his caste-bound countrymen. Gandhi, born in 1869, was married when about twelve.

The Gandhi children's early years were spent at Phoenix, in South Africa, when Gandhi led the revolt of South African Indians. Gandhi's present school, in fact, his present philosophy, and activity, are all a development of his South African experience. Young Gandhi preferred to describe the school now in existence in India, rather than the one once in operation at Phoenix, to illustrate what he meant when he said he, and his brothers, had been "trained for service."

In 1916, father established Satyagrah Ashram, (Sat, adherents of truth, Ashram, institution). Originally, the school was housed in two small buildings, donated for the purpose by a barrister of Ahamed. Since then, ground was purchased, and buildings erected along the river at Ahmedabad, in the Gujarat Province, Bombay Presidency. Funds for the school were given by personal friends, and those who believed in father's ideas.

The object of the institution is to give the Indian knowledge of the political movement in India, and to revive the cottage industry, the home spinning and weaving. Father is never against Englishmen, or the English government, but against the system, through which the voice of the people is never heard. We were to have our own schools, and universities, to live independent of the government of India, because the foundation of the government was rotten. Through this school, and other schools, father also hoped to create unity, to abolish the differences between various sects, to remove untouchability, to strengthen the national movement.

Most of the time at the school is devoted to training the children to spin and weave. Father is of the opinion that every Indian should know this, because in India there is so much poverty; half the population has not enough to eat, nor to cover their backs. This industry will supply work to those who have no work, and clothing to those who need it.

As soon as the institution was opened, all of us at Phoenix, left direct for India. There were about twenty of us, ranging in age from twenty-five down to three, of which six were girls. These were not orphans, but children who had been placed under father for the good of the cause. Gradually other pupils came from all parts of India, until, now, there are about one hundred. Men, women, and children, come and go, some staying just long enough to learn to spin and go forth to teach others. It takes about six months to learn the full art, but simple spinning can be learned in a week's time.

The school is open to everyone, free of board or tuition. Dishonest pretenders alone are turned away. Detectives are not feared, but entertained, as the Gandhi movement is aboveboard. Only sincere enthusiasts come, for the life is hard, and simple, the rules strict. The members of the school sleep on hard surfaces, on beds made of wood and rope slats, with light blanket covering. They must have nothing with them except the bare necessities of life, which usually means about two changes, which they themselves launder and carry about without fuss and baggage. The women are unadorned, in a coarse homespun sari, not necessarily white; the men wear a dhoti, loin cloth, sometimes a shirt, and a wrap, and are bareheaded; capped, or turbanned according to choice; all are barefoot, or sandaled.

The rising hour is four a. m., when prayers are conducted for half an hour; the retiring hour is usually nine for the children, ten for the adults. The prayer consists of chanting verses from religious books of the Hindus, the Mohammedans, the Parsees, and the Christians. Father has gotten together a book of his favorite hymns from all religions, including his favorite English, Christian ones. Father's religion is Hindu, because he was born a Hindu, and he follows all the principles of the Hindu religion. But he believes the principles are the same in all religions, that Truth is the highest religion. Several times he has been asked to be a Christian, or a Mohammedan; in 1892, he seriously considered adopting Christianity after studying the religion, but he didn't.

After prayers there is studying, some studying by themselves, others conducting classes, or studying in groups. Then exercise, gymnastics, for about fifteen minutes. After that a dip in the Sabarmati River, which flows by the school. After the bath, about seven o'clock, there is a small breakfast of a little milk and bread, the older ones often leaving their share to the younger ones.

From then on some do nothing but weave for the remainder of the day, others devote only a certain portion of time to spinning and weaving, spending most of their day learning the vernacular, Indian languages, history, mathematics and English.

Hindustani is the common language medium of India understood by everyone. At the school they talk Gujarati, and Hindustani, principally. It is obligatory to learn all the languages of the country, which may have a Sanskrit, Arabic, or Persian base, and of which there are many. Besides the Gujarati and Hindustani, there are the Urdu, Marthi, Tamiland Teluga, and Bengali. All of these can be heard at the school.

At ten o'clock there is a recess for a meal of vegetables and rice, as much as any one can eat. Some eat only fruits, some only milk and bread, some the ordinary diet. Spices are used sparingly. They all try to restrict themselves.

Father has always experimented with diet. He believes it has a lot to do with the general physical, moral and spiritual condition. Once he was cook of the institution. Now, he is so busy that he no longer even acts as manager. Father's nephew, Maganlal Gandhi, a man of forty, who was trained at Phoenix, has that post.

Climatic conditions in India make a midday meal impossible. The next meal after ten is five-thirty, or six in the evening, two meals a day, the general rule. The evening meal is similar to the morning meal, never any meat, fish or eggs, solely vegetables.

Some days the pupils fast as a matter of discipline, or as a matter of penance. If they have done anything wrong, they impose it on themselves for a day, two days, or three days.

Everyone takes a celibate vow for the school period,

but celibacy is not exacted for, before, or after the school period. Father believes that they who work for the country's cause should be celibates. Others should be celibates until they are at least twenty-five; he does not believe in early marriage. After a period of marriage, married people should again take the celibate vow.

Celibacy, truth, and non-violence are preached at the school. They are taught never to act untruthfully, in any event to speak the truth. never to hurt anyone physically, nor mentally, nor bear ill-will, which suggests violence. Cheat not your conscience, for your conscience shall be your judge. That is the essence of what my father teaches at his school, and what he taught us, and what he hopes to teach to the people of India.

Young Gandhi stood in shadow as we left, for it was evening. He seemed a lonely figure silhouetted against the sky. At thirty, a celibate, and a recluse! That was devotion to a cause. And as if from the shadows loomed two other lone figures, the two outstanding philosophers of our time, Tolstoy of the West, and Mahatma Gandhi of the East. And it seemed prophetic that where Tolstoy had failed, Gandhi had won. Gandhi had enlisted the aid of the most difficult converts to gain, a man's own, his own children.

REBECCA HOURWICH.

What Has Psychical Research Accomplished?

This article is an attempt to appraise the results of Psychical Research. I realize, of course, that this is not an orthodox field either from the standpoint of religion or science. To the conventional churchman it is an excursion into a no-man's land of fraud and superstition, bombed occasionally by Satan himself. To the ordinary scientist it is the pursuit of facts which exist only in the mind of the pursuer. No matter how much orthodox religion and orthodox science may war with each other they form a united front committee when Psychical Research appears. But formidable as these two orthodoxies are they are not so impressive when we remember that the religious dogma of one generation may be a heresy to the next and the scientific law of today may be an outgrown theory tomorrow. To all who categorically deny the rather respectable body of fact which the patient pioneers in the field of Psychical Research have accumulated we may well say as did Cromwell to some cocksure men of his day, "Gentlemen, I beseech you . . . bethink you that ye may be mistaken."

At the outset let me say that my own interest in this subject is not due to any validating personal experience. As a "psychic" I am a complete failure. I have operated the ouija board but I never received a significant message. I have attended a number of seances but I have seen nothing I could not readily explain on the basis of fraud. I have dreamed dreams but they never came true more often than chance could explain. I never saw a ghost. I never "heard voices." I never did automatic writing. I never arose in the morning and found that I had solved a problem or written a poem during my sleep. While I have tried repeatedly I never could go into a trance. I early learned not to shape my life on the basis of premonitions, my own or others'. My own experiences have given me no predisposition towards this subject and yet the subject itself fascinates me and has been something of a hobby with me.

Moreover, as a minister, it has long seemed to me that one of the greatest weaknesses in the message of the Church is the lack of any clear voice on the subject of immortality. The masses have only a half faith in it. The plain fact is that they do not believe they are immortal souls. It would mean a new era in religion if men could believe in immortality with as much assurance as they believe in electricity. The simple truth is that the religious and philosophical arguments we advance in our pulpits are not convincing in the face of the general feeling that materialistic science has rendered a negative verdict. It is this desire for a better sanction for our doctrine of the future life that has been another force driving a few of us, more than is sometimes imagined, to follow this path of Psychical Research. It may well be a blind alley as countless authorities assert but—but we are not sure. At any rate the subject is too vital for us to take any man's mere opinion; we must face the facts for ourselves. This is why for the last two or three years I have been gradually working through the sources in this field, the sixty or more volumes of the Proceedings of the Psychical Societies of England and America as well as gleaning such information as I could from other quarters.

Psychical Research is, as you know, a young science, if science it may be called. The British Society was organized in 1882 and the American Society some years later. But even forty years is a brief period in the march of human learning and the students in this field already have some substantial achievements to their credit. They started out to study all these alleged occult phenomena which orthodox science declined to consider, such as thought transference, hypnotism, apparitions, haunted houses, clairvoyance and in general all that vague mass of phenomena so vaguely called spiritualistic. With most commendable ardor and with a remarkable freedom from prejudice either for or against, they have patiently tilled this field. That they have been fair is indicated by the fact that they have had to endure the attacks of the materialists and the spiritualists. They have carried on their investigations in many countries; they have sat with medium after medium; they have analyzed countless volumes of automatic writings; they have made several censuses; they have carried on a multitude of tedious experiments; they have studied the evidence in every possible way. The British society especially has been directed by men of great ability and reputation. Henry Sidgwick William James, Henry Bergson, L. P. Jacks are a few of the men who have graced the presidential office. And what are the results? Let me point out some of them as they appear to an average observer like myself.

First of all we are indebted to Psychical Research for its negative results, for what it has proved nonexistent. Many things which most of us thought

were trickery are definitely shown to be such. One of these is slate writing. Again and again the slate writing mediums have been investigated. These gentry appear perennially but there is no genuine slate writing medium on record. The tricks used in producing this phenomena are clever but they are tricks.

There is likewise no good evidence for spirit photography, that is pictures of the departed either alone or appearing in the photos of living humans. This too seems to be mere trickery. It is astonishing what a clever manipulator can do with photographic plates. The camera can be made to lie as boldly and blandly as any human.

Then too as far as I have been able to appraise the record I can see no proof for the reality of the so-called "poltergeist," the noisy, mischievous spirit which is supposed to hurl dishes across the room, upset chairs, tumble people out of beds, etc. Frank Podmore, one of the most able of the psychical investigators, made a particular study of this phenomena and he could find no case which would stand up under close examination. In practically all of these cases there is a young girl, sometimes a young boy, at the center of the disturbances. The child is generally hysterical and probably accidentally learns how much excitement he can create by razzing his elders, enjoys it and goes on with the good work. In some cases it is quite probable that the child does these things in an abnormal state, not knowing that he does them. The Antigonish Ghost in Nova Scotia which attracted considerable newspaper attention three years or so ago was a case of this kind. In all of these weird tales of flying objects careful questioning generally reveals that no one sees them start from rest. They are always seen *after* the motion has started. If you are ever called upon in any such matter this is a good point to keep in mind.

Furthermore Psychical Research has to my mind made a valuable contribution in exposing the fantastic claims of Theosophy. In the early 1880's Richard Hodgson went to India and made a thorough study of Mme. Blavatsky and her marvels. He found that the famous Koot Hoomi communication (Koot Hoomi being one of the supposed masters from Thibet who could at times without leaving that land materialize before his followers in India) were written by the same hand that wrote Mme. Blavatsky's own letters. He proved too that the miracles and wonderful happenings which occurred in the presence of the followers of Mme. Blavatsky were fraudulently produced. If you ever at any time want authentic and precise information about Theosophy read Prof. Hodgson's report in Volume 3 of the Proceedings of the S. P. R.

It will thus be evident that Psychical Research has rendered valuable service in exposing trickery and in laying down guiding principles for the criticism of this phenomena. In addition it must also be pointed out that it has been able to assemble considerable data on obscure subjects such as dowsing, that is the ability apparently possessed by some people to discover water merely by walking over it, psychometry or the power to describe the scenes associated with an object merely by holding or touching that object, firewalking or the power to pass barefoot over red hot stones, crystal gazing or the seeing of visions in a crystal—all these and kindred phenomena undoubtedly have some basis in fact; but we still know too little to draw any definite conclusions. Much more patient observation is needed.

However the results which we have thus far enumerated are not in my opinion the most important. Those were largely negative; there are results of a more positive nature. I will mention three of the most striking: First of all there has been made a painstaking census of hallucinations. The British Society covered as wide a field as its resources would permit in its endeavor to get at the truth of this matter. More than 17,000 people answered the fundamental question as to whether they had ever experienced any hallucination which was not clearly due to sickness or delirium. It was found that about one person in ten had had such an experience. It was then ascertained how many of these visions had definitely conveyed the idea of the death of the person seen in the vision. There were 352 such cases. An examination of these cases revealed the fact that 80 of them were veridical, that is they had coincided within a period of twelve hours with the death of the person seen in the vision. The committee investigating this matter then tried to eliminate all possible sources of error due to forgetfulness, etc., so they multiplied the number of this type of case by four, assuming that there were over 1400 such cases instead of 352 as reported. Thus making all these allowances the committee came unanimously to the opinion that on the evidence before them these hallucinations coincided with deaths 440 times as often as could be expected to occur on the basis of chance alone. There is, they decided, some relation between the death of the person seen and the vision.

In the second place considerable evidence including the above has been accumulated for the fact of telepathy. This word was coined by Frederick Myers, one of the founders of the British Society and author of that monumental work on this subject, "Human Personality and Its Survival of Bodily Death." By telepathy he meant the influence of one mind by another other than through the recognized channels of sense. There are hundreds of spontaneous cases on record and there is considerable experimental evidence. Of course we must not forget the pitfalls here. Much so called mind reading can be explained on the basis of chance, much is due to unconscious suggestion through slight movements of the eyes or other parts of the body and astounding feats are performed by clever signals. Still such experiments as those of Prof. Gilbert Murray cannot be lightly pushed aside. Indeed unless one is to deny outright all this testimony telepathy of some kind must be admitted.

A third positive result of Psychical Research has been the amassing of a formidable array of facts which must be faced by all students of the human mind whether they call themselves psychologists, psychiatrists or what not. I refer of course to those abnormal mental states which in Bible times were called demon possession and which today are termed dissociation of personality. Such cases as those of Sally Beauchamp studied by Dr. Morton Prince and the Daris Fisher case reported by Dr. Walter Franklin Prince are classical. There

is also that fascinating case studied a few years ago by Prof. Hyslop in which a goldsmith felt suddenly impelled to paint. He seemed to himself to be inspired by the spirit of Robert Swain Gifford and strangely enough the paintings were remarkably like the work of that artist who had died shortly before. There are a number of such cases and it is rather difficult to fit them into the patterns of mechanistic science. It may well be that all these cases are capable of explanation on orthodox scientific lines, but these abnormal mental states are facts and the Psychical Researchers have brought them to our attention.

So far I have been stating some of the results of Psychical Research but I have not really considered the particular problem that vitally interests you and me. That problem of course is the bearing of all this upon the question of personal survival of bodily death. Here are my present conclusions about it. I frankly admit that an appraisal of the evidence adduced by Psychical Research does not bring conviction that immortality is scientifically demonstrated, but I cannot agree with those who say that no evidence has been adduced. There is not conclusive evidence but there is evidence. The George Pelham communications through Mrs. Piper are striking in their proofs of the identity of the alleged communication. This is but one of many such cases. The evidence is cumulative. As Emanuel Kant said, "There is no particular ghost in which I believe but the effect of all the ghost stories is to make me believe in them." Moreover all the investigators stress the point that the cold record of these sittings do not and cannot give the sense of the identity of the alleged communicator which comes as they listen directly to the voice and manner of the person through whom the message comes, both of which seem strongly flavored with the personality of the spirit friend. Moreover I am not able to ignore the fact that nearly every scientist of reputation who has not dismissed the subject on *a priori* grounds but has investigated for himself has become convinced of personal survival — Wallace, Crookes, Barrett, Lodge, Bergson, Flammarion, to mention only a few.

But proof of personal survival has been enormously complicated by the discovery of telepathy. If any proof of personal identity comes through any sensitive, it can now be said that it comes from the mind of the sitter. Indeed some push this theory so far as to say that anything in the mind of any living human being may be tapped by some peculiarly organized person. It is thus almost impossible to offer any evidence of personal identity which can be checked up upon without having that same evidence conceivably known to some one. To get over this difficulty an effort is being made to have numbers of people write out messages known only to themselves, seal them and hope that after their decease they may be able to communicate the contents of this message. But even here there is some evidence for believing that a few rare spirits are clairvoyant—that is, that they can see literally what is hidden.

Largely because of this difficulty another method of tackling the problem has emerged called the method of Cross-Correspondences. In this plan a part of a message is given through one sensitive or automatic writer to whom it makes no meaning and another part comes through to some other psychic and indeed still a third comes into the chain. These messages are thus unintelligible by themselves and mean nothing to the separate mediums involved but when put together a complete message emerges which is suggestive of the alleged author of it. That is to say, the deceased may have been fond of some particular writer. A part of a quotation will thus be given to one automatic writer and the complementary part to another, the whole making a message of the kind which would have appealed to the communicator in his lifetime. Results obtained in this way are by no means conclusive but they have been somewhat striking.

But however much telepathy may have complicated the method of possible proof of survival it must not be forgotten that it has added a new argument for it. If the mind can act otherwise than through the known channels of sense, then it is not limited to the body which we can see and touch; it transcends it. Hence the dissolution of the physical body carries with it no presumption of the destruction of the thinker within it. Henri Bergson in his presidential address before the S. P. R. put it this way:

> The more we become occustomed to this idea of a consciousness which overflows the organism the more natural and probable we find the hypothesis that the soul survives the body.

But before I close I want to point out one more fact and this Psychical Research has amply demonstrated, namely that many mediums are unquestionably sincere in their belief that they do not themselves cause the various phenomena and yet they surely do. Case after case proves that in the trance state mediums do things of which their waking consciousness has no knowledge. Moreover some of these things are so amazing as to seem incredible. For instance one young woman who in her normal state had little musical ability could whistle superbly when in this trance state and do it, mind you, without apparent movement of her lips. Here is the secret of much mediumship—it is not consciously fraudulent but in the abnormal trance state there is a strength and a cunning let loose which almost passes belief. It may be that here is the difference between the average man and the genius—the latter has found the secret of tapping these hidden powers of mind. But it is by no means proved that this is the secret of all mediumship, the Margery case for instance.

And now, as the writer of Ecclesiastes says, "Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter." It is just this: Psychical Research has revealed much new truth. It has goaded orthodox science into discovering still more. It is folly to be contemptuous of it. I believe the results thus far have strengthened the position of the religious man. It makes a little easier an affirmative answer to that age-old question "if a man die shall he live again?" It at least holds out some hope of revitalizing the doctrine of immortality without which religion is as bare as a certain mother's cupboard.

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The Study Table

Timely Books

The first printing of Inman's "Problems in Pan-Americanism" appeared in 1921. It was well received and exercised a helpful influence.* The new printing brings the book up to date, much having happened during the past four years. Mr. Inman first knew Latin-America at first hand through several years of social service in Mexico. As a result of that contact he wrote "Intervention in Mexico" at a moment when American opinion had been skilfully wrought up to an ugly temper. Since the publication of that book, Mr. Inman's whole energy has been devoted to the cultivation of friendliness between us and the countries to the south. He has worked in many ways—speaking, writing, editing, advising. At present he is instructor in international relations in Columbia University and Secretary of the Committee on Cooperation in Latin-America. No one, better than he, is qualified to write a book "dealing with the whole question of relations, racial and political, between the United States and the twenty Latin-American Republics." It is difficult for us of the United States to realize that difference is not a crime. The Latin-Americans differ from us in a thousand ways. We feel, instinctively, that they must be advantaged if they become like us; that they would only gain if we should seize control and make them over. We are irritated, even outraged, when difference and nonconformity interfere with *business*. We feel, of course, that all their trade should be with us. The problem is not so simple. We are ignorant regarding them; we underestimate their achievement and abilities; we do not understand their sensibilities; we object to their suspicion and dislike. Mr. Inman does a public service in trying to present the realities, to bare the actual conditions, to show how we may deal with the problems—as serious for us as for the Latin-Americans. Having sketched the character and achievements of those peoples, he states their problems. They are many and difficult. If they are to be solved there must be friendship and co-operation with us. Efforts toward friendship have been made repeatedly since Bolivar's Congress of Panama in 1826. The earlier efforts at rapproachment came from them. On our side, there was at first a good-natured friendliness based partly on stated principles, and largely on self-interest. The Mexican War had a serious influence on the situation. Since it was fought, Latin-America has harbored suspicions and fears, has felt that all of its nations were in danger, if it were ever to our interest to interfere in their affairs. The Monroe Doctrine, primarily in our interest, was an advantage to the young Indo-Spanish nations. With new applications and interpretations it has become an object of dread and hatred. The Pan-American Conferences, and the Pan-American Union have tended to develop ground of common interests. Even in them are possibilities of misunderstanding. Those countries begin to feel restive under institutions in which one nation, too evidently, has leadership and control. Quite clearly the idea of Latin-Americanism, as distinct from Pan-Americanism, is developing. The great war profoundly affected Latin-America. It gave us advantages which, if wisely utilized, would have meant much to us. We might have gained an almost unchallenged leadership in politics, in business, in cultural influence. We seem to be slipping. It looks as if England and France, Italy and Germany, were renewing their old relations, regaining influence. What have we done to offset the visit of the Prince of Wales to South America? What does it mean that this very year Bolivia has granted one of the most astonishing concessions of history to British interests? What is going to be the final outcome of our Caribbean policies? To these Mr. Inman devotes a detailed discussion. He admits too easily the driving and compelling urge to action that has operated upon us in that region. After all, small nations *can* exist as close neighbors to larger ones. Denmark, Holland and Belgium have had difficulties, but they retain their independence. Germany has the same urge to absorb or control Holland, that we have to control Nicaragua and Cuba. France might like to absorb Belgium; but she does not. Is it only because we have no big neighbors near enough, to watch and threaten, that we yield to an "urge," which is after all universal and eternally operative? Mr. Inman, in a new chapter, tells of the Fifth Pan-American Conference held at Santiago in 1923. It supplies instruction. A practical chapter in his book is Next Steps in Inter-American Friendships. All who really desire American development and achievement of the best in policies and politics, should read Mr. Inman's book thoughtfully and take its suggestions to heart.

*Problems in Pan-Americanism. Samuel Guy Inman. New York: 1925. George H. Doran Co. 16°, pp. xii. 15-439.

"The Today and Tomorrow Series" of little books on live topics grows steadily. It often includes presentation of opposing views. Thus it started with Haldane's "Daedalus," and Russell's "Icarus," presenting opposing views as to the future of science. We noticed them at the time of their appearance. In "Hephaestus"* and "Ourorobos" we have a somewhat similar discussion as to the significance of the machine in our life today and in the future. Not that the two authors present absolutely opposite sides of their joint subject. "Hephaestus" is outspokenly favorable to the machine. Its author is E. E. Fournier d'Albe. He considers the ugly hump-backed, limping smith, Hephaestus, the greatest of the Olympian deities, the only one that has outlasted the downfall of Greece. He ranks him as the greatest benefactor of our race. Fournier d'Albe is a physicist, inventor of the optophone and the tonoscope. He is also an attractive writer. His book is a pretty piece of writing. It deals less with facts and definite statement than was to be expected. The discovery of fire was a great one; its control and application have meant everything for human progress—and the end is not yet. "Every weapon, every tool, every machine is the embodiment of a human thought and purpose. The user adopts that thought and purpose, and behold—the machine has found its soul." "The victories of Hephaestus are victories of mind over matter. The 'mechanical age,' which to some appears as the very negation of the soul, is, on the contrary, the age of supreme psychical achievement." Our author is frankly optimistic, and for him there is no terror ahead. "Nor is Hephaestus satisfied yet. His task is but half finished. The whole earth must be Vulcanized."

To Garet Garrett, author of "Ourorobos," the case

*Hephaestus. E. E. Fournier d'Albe. 1925. 16°, pp. xiv. 76 Ourorobos. Garet Garrett. 1926. 16°, pp. xi. 101. Prometheus. H. S. Jennings. 1925. 16°, pp. ix. 86. New York; E. P. Dutton & Co.

is not so simple, the result not so certainly desirable. He also sees the machine as an extension of man's self. It has wrought a revolution in living. Human labor is divided between working the soil and tending the machine. The whole world has been changed by the invention of the machine, which produces a surplus. Ourorobos, the snake that eats its own tail, is the figure. The machine's surplus product must find an outlet. Modern trade results. But there will soon be no markets. Regions that were agricultural will become industrial. The comfort of the machine worker as contrasted with the real toil of the soil worker will diminish. "What a finish for the morning hope of the machine age—if it were. Monotonous tending of the machine on the lowest standard of living; alternative, starvation." Italy illustrates the case, but is typical. Profit-producing trade must disappear. The agricultural index must rise; the industrial index must fall. Symbiosis, not parasitism, is essential. Otherwise, all goes by the board. The author realizes that the change is little likely to come about through *purposive* action; man will find his way here, as always, "unknowingly, by groping."

H. S. Jennings' "Prometheus," in the same series, is a study of biology and the advancement of man. In other words it is a study of heredity in itself and the relation between heredity and environment (i. e., training, education). It touches, of course, on eugenics, at present a fad. It is difficult to keep up with the study of heredity. The newest idea of yesterday is antiquated today. The queer thing about our author is his apparent confidence that biology has reached finalities. He is quick to see that the biologist of a decade ago was mistaken in his solutions; he has never a fear that the theory of today may go into the discard. Incidentally may we say that the science of the moment is fond of the most *complicated* conditions. The newest theory of heredity here outlined assumes a mechanism so complicated as to appal. It is so in Astronomy, where simplicity has given away to complexity; it is so in chemistry and physics, where the atom, and the structure of matter, have become things that are beyond grasp. The non-scientific mind will presently react against much of the theoretical science of the day through sheer brain fag. Jennings presents the accepted theory of the moment: he shows that there is room for the environment (education) to act, after the inheritance has been received. He is not hopeful of improvement, advancement, through eugenics.

> Is there no way by which the Eugenicist can circumvent this propensity of nature? Is there no way to substitute uniform excellence for extreme and heterogeneous variety?

He answers:

> But whatever eugenic measures are attempted, so long as biparental inheritance is kept up, the variety, the surprises, the perplexities, the melodrama, that now present themselves among the fruit of the human vine will continue.

We are staunchly friendly to the "Pioneer Life Series," under the editorship of Prof. Howard L. Driggs of New York University. He is tireless in seeking out pioneers and getting them to tell their stories. Born in the West (Utah), doing his early professional work in the University of his native state, he has been patriotically and loyally a student of the history and romance of the frontier. We have noticed most of the volumes of the series as they have appeared and shall, no doubt, continue to notice them in future, as Prof. Driggs is constant to his job. Two new numbers of the series are before us. "An Army Boy of the Sixties,"* by Alson B. Ostrander, is a curious story, well told. Ostrander was born in Poughkeepsie in 1846. He was thus a boy of only fifteen when the Civil War began. He was keenly anxious to enter the conflict, though below age. However, he was mustered into service on March 4, 1864. The affair was irregular and gave rise to various questions and uncertainties. He was a drummer-boy, who never drummed; a fifer, who never piped; in actual service, his work was clerical, rather than combative. At first on Governor's Island, then to New York City, to St. Louis, Omaha, Fort Laramie, Fort Reno, lastly to Fort Phil Kearny in Wyoming, he put in his three years of service. His youth, his manners, his desire to please, made him a usual favorite; though the same qualities made him occasional enemies. He came into relation with generals, plainsmen, Indians. At the end of his term of enlistment, he was honorably discharged. His story ends there—with an early marriage, re-enlistment and a later service hinted. He did not directly do much "to make the west," but his story vividly shows the conditions that prevailed in western army camps in those days of beginnings.

This time, it is a story of the mining camp. "Deadwood Gold"† deals with early days in the Black Hills. The author-storyteller was a boy from Missouri, who drifted with his father west to Colorado. His first mining experience was as a "whim driver" at the Bobtail Mine. He went back to Missouri to go to school, but his education was interrupted by the Civil War. Returning to Colorado he was working on a Denver newspaper, when the first reports of rich strikes in the Black Hills went out. He was among those who made the rush to the new land of promise, while the government was still trying to prevent encroachment on Indian lands. He saw the development, a mushroom growth almost overnight. Those were wild times in the Black Hills. That life, however, was an actual part in our national advance. This story is a real chapter in the Pioneer Life; it fits in with the rest. It took the miner, the army clerk, the bullwhacker, the camp purveyor, to do the work of pioneering—as truly as the ox-teamer, bound for the Oregon country. The author of "Deadwood Gold" died in the summer of 1925, aged seventy-eight years, just before his little book appeared in print. The pioneers are dropping one by one. Prof. Driggs does well to get these stories while he may. It will soon be too late.

Prof. Vaswani continues his appeals to the youth of India. We have received his address given at the Arya Swarajya Conference at Cawnpore, last December.‡ His publishers announce that he will continue to present his message through a series of monthly numbers. Three are already printed—"Youth and the Nation," "Witness of the Ancient" and "The Ancient Murti." Our author states his attitude in the words:

> "To build a greater India, we must know the Indian ideals, understand the new world forces, renew faith in our future and enter into fellowship with the poor."

FREDERICK STARR.

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*An Army Boy of the Sixties. Alson B. Ostrander. Yonkers-on-Hudson: 1924. World Book Co. 16°, pp. xiv. 242.

†Deadwood Gold: A Story of the Black Hills. George W. Stykes. Yonkers-on-Hudson: 1926. World Book Co. 16°, pp. xii. 163.

‡Temple of Freedom. T. L. Vaswani. Madras 1926. Ganesh & Co. 16°, pp. 81.

The Field

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion."

TWELVE CHRISTIAN SOCIAL IDEALS

(Incorporated in the 1926 Labor Day message of the Social Service Relations Commission of the National Council of the Congregational Churches.)

1. Justice: Labor and capital demand justice. The Church concedes it and imposes much more, viz., a reciprocity of service—that group interests, whether of labor or capital, must always be integrated with the welfare of society as a whole, and that society in its turn must insure justice to each group.

2. The Common Good: A frank abandonment of all efforts to secure something for nothing, and recognition that all ownership is a social trust involving Christian administration for the good of all and that the unlimited exercise of the right of private ownership is socially undersirable.

3. Protecting the Young: Abolishing child labor and establishing standards for the employment of minors which will insure maximum physical, intellectual and moral development.

4. Guaranteed Leisure to Enjoy Life: Freedom from employment one day in seven, the eight-hour day as the present maximum for all industrial workers.

5. Safeguarded Health and Subsistence: Providing safe and sanitary industrial conditions especially protecting women; adequate accident, sickness, and unemployment insurance, together with suitable provision for old age.

6. Organization of Opportunity: An effective national system of public employment bureaus to make possible the proper distribution of the labor forces in America.

7. Adequate Subsistence and Return: That the first charge upon industry should be a minimum comfort wage and that all labor should give an honest day's work for an honest day's pay.

8. Public Interest and Service in Disputes: Adequate provision for impartial investigation and publicity, conciliation and arbitration in industrial disputes.

9. Labor Reserves the Right to Make Its Own Mistakes: The right of labor to organize with representatives of its own choosing and, where able, to share in the management of industrial relations.

10. Economizing and Cooperating in Distribution of Necessities: Encouragement of the organization of consumers' cooperatives for the more equitable distribution of the essentials of life.

11. Service and Equity Rendered in Love: The supremacy of the service, rather than the profit motive in the acquisition and use of property on the part of both labor and capital, and the most equitable division of the product of industry that can be devised.

12. Where Do We Go From Here? The Church answers: God is Love and loving is the only practicable way of living.

AT THE SESQUI-CENTENNIAL

Race Relations

Expositions are supposed to educate us out of our provincialism by showing us what wonderful things other countries and other races can do. It behooves Friends to take advantage of the Sesqui-Centennial Exposition now being held in Philadelphia in order to learn something of a group of our own citizens—the Negroes—whose cultural activities are cut off from our view by walls of prejudice which we ourselves build. Let's take a peep through the walls at the Sesqui, then perhaps we'll want to tear them down. Every little bit helps.

Don't fail to see the Negro Exposition in the Agricultural Building No. 2—near the entrance at Tenth and Patterson Streets.

Laura Wheeler, the well-known artist, of Cheyney Normal, has painted a background which shows in picture form the progress of the Negro—depicting him as the toiler, the migrant and the cultured leader. The Philadelphia Armstrong Association, which is affiliated with the National Urban League, in its exhibition shows all the Negro agencies throughout the country which minister to his welfare.

Tuskegee Institute has developed a department for the teaching of photography under the direction of C. M. Battey, noted as one of the most finished artists in that field in the entire country. This department has its exhibition at the Sesqui.

A complete Colored American cast, directed by Dora Cole Norman, presented a pageant "Loyalty's Gift" at the Sesqui Auditorium on July 12th. Miss Marian Anderson, a colored singer of Philadelphia, of national repute, took a leading part, as did the celebrated Hampton and Fiske Quartettes. It is said that more tickets were bought for this than any other event thus far. Such a beautiful affair should be repeated. Anyway, be sure to attend the Negro Spirituals Concert in the Stadium on August 23rd.—*Friends Intelligencer.*

Progress of Women Workers Shown

History, drama, and science are the mediums used by the Women's Bureau of the United States Department of Labor in its exhibits at the National Sesqui-Centennial Exposition to set forth facts about wage-earning women.

Progress of women in industry and changes in industrial methods affecting

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Correspondence

"Polarity"

Editor of UNITY:

In the July 12th number of your paper, Zona Gale had an article, "Wanted: a New Word." This non-resistance has attracted me ever since I began spiritual studies. Could I offer the new word as "Polarity?"—not so much a new word as a newer or idiomatic meaning applied to a semi-scientific term.

In the "Kybalion," one reads of "Polarity" as Principle IV:

"Everything is dual; everything has poles; everything has its pair of opposites; like and unlike are the same; opposites are identical in nature, but different in degree; extremes meet; all truths are but half-truths; all paradoxes may be reconciled."

As I get the idea of the non-resistance teachings, the thought is to cultivate "the opposite quality." To resist an action always tends to magnify that action. Therefore, dwell upon or introduce its opposite pole.

Don't you think there may be something worthwhile in this word "Polarity?" Thus, to cultivate non-resistance we would then say—cultivate polarity.

Brockton, Mass. N. B. SWEETING.

A Correction

Editor of UNITY:

In your issue of August 30, 1926, the printer has played havoc with my comment on Gandhi's Rationalization (Correspondence columns, page 431). Line four of the first paragraph of my letter should read: "That does poor justice to Mohandas, the boy"—not, "That does poor justice to Mohamed, the boy," as it appears there. Mohandas is Gandhi's first name and the term Mohamed is irrelevant to the context. Please print this correction in an early issue.

Chicago, Ill. HARIDAS T. MUZUMDAR.

Notice to Special Subscribers

If you took a special subscription to

UNITY

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your renewal is due Oct. 1st.

Don't miss receiving the next 52 issues. Gandhi's Autobiography will run for many months to come. Pin your check to this slip, sign it and send it to THE UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY, 700 Oakwood Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.

Enclosed please find $3.00 to pay for my renewal to UNITY for one year.

[Back numbers of Gandhi's "Autobiography" available. Single copies, 10 cents; the series (Apr.-Oct.), $1.]

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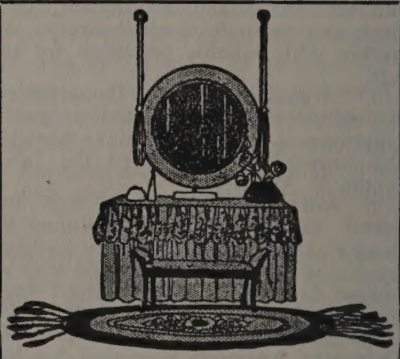

IN SEPTEMBER

Comes another putting in order of the home. Vacations over, children starting back to school, social activities soon to commence, many things to be cleansed and conditioned. All of which suggests the use of this service, which so expertly will restore your clothing and the rugs and fabrics of your home.

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